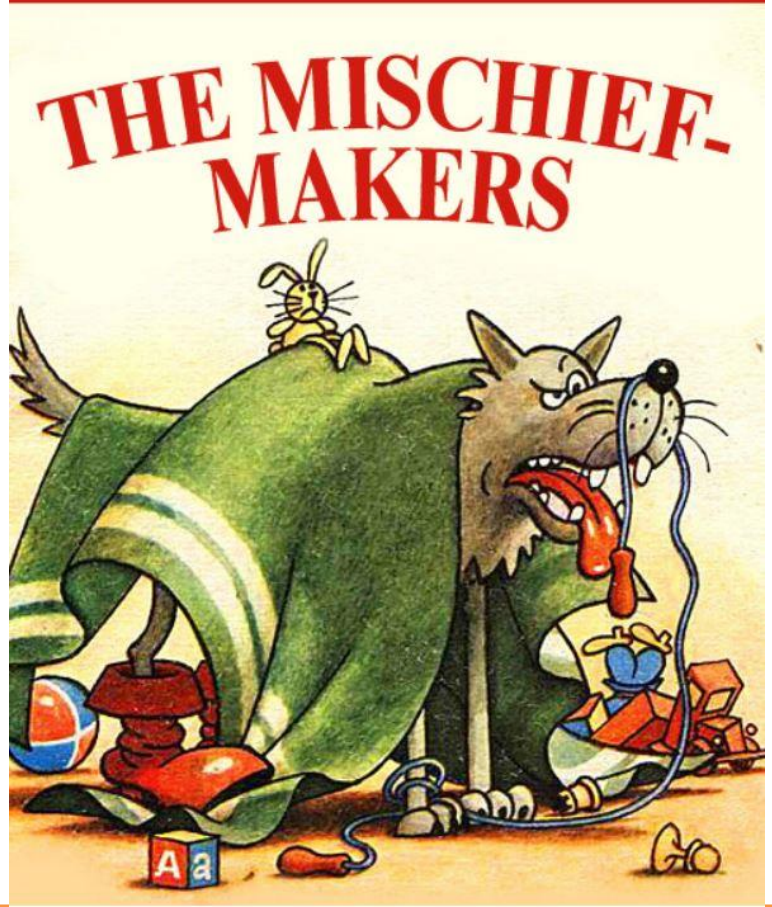
N.Nosov

THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS



THE MISCHIEF MAKERS

NIKOLAI NOSOV

Translated by Rose Prokofieva

Illustrated by G. Ogorodnikov

Me and Valya are mischief-makers.

We're always getting up to some tricks.

One day we read the story of The Three Pigs.

Then we started playing it. First we ran round the room, jumping and shouting:

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf!"

Then Mummy went shopping, and Valya said:

"Let's make a little house for ourselves, Petya, like the three pigs in the story."

We pulled a blanket off the bed and hung it over the table. It made a nice little house. We crawled inside. It was pitch dark.

"What fun it is having our own house!" said Valya. "We'll live here all the time and not let anyone in. And if the big bad wolf comes, we'll chase him away."

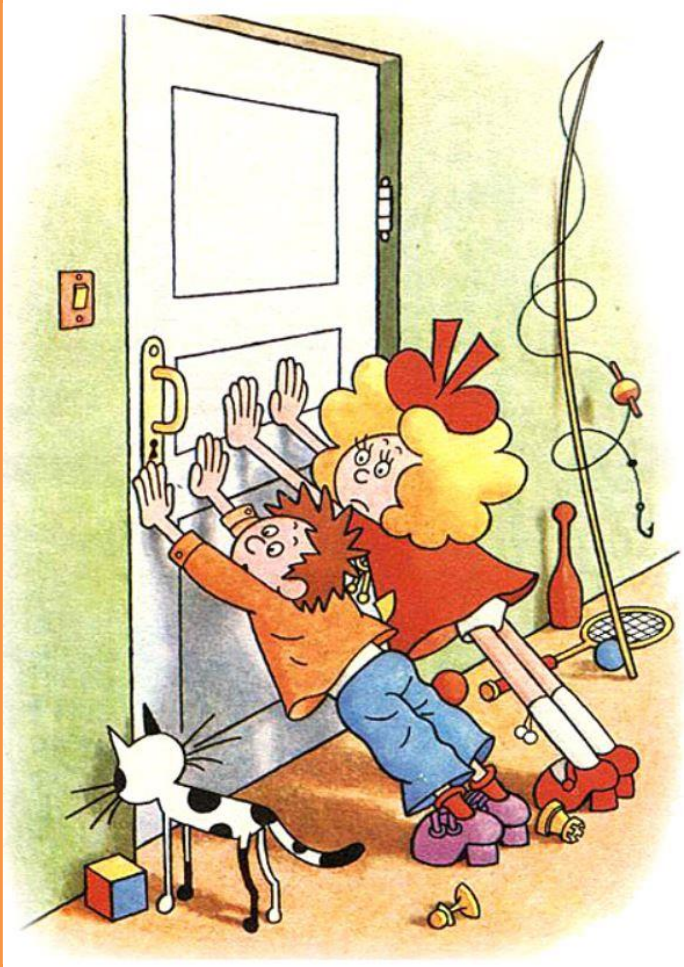
"It's a pity there aren't any windows," I said. "It's very dark."

"Never mind," said Valya. "The three pigs' houses didn't have windows either."

"Can you see me?" I asked.

"No. Can you see me?"

"No," I said. "I can't even see myself."



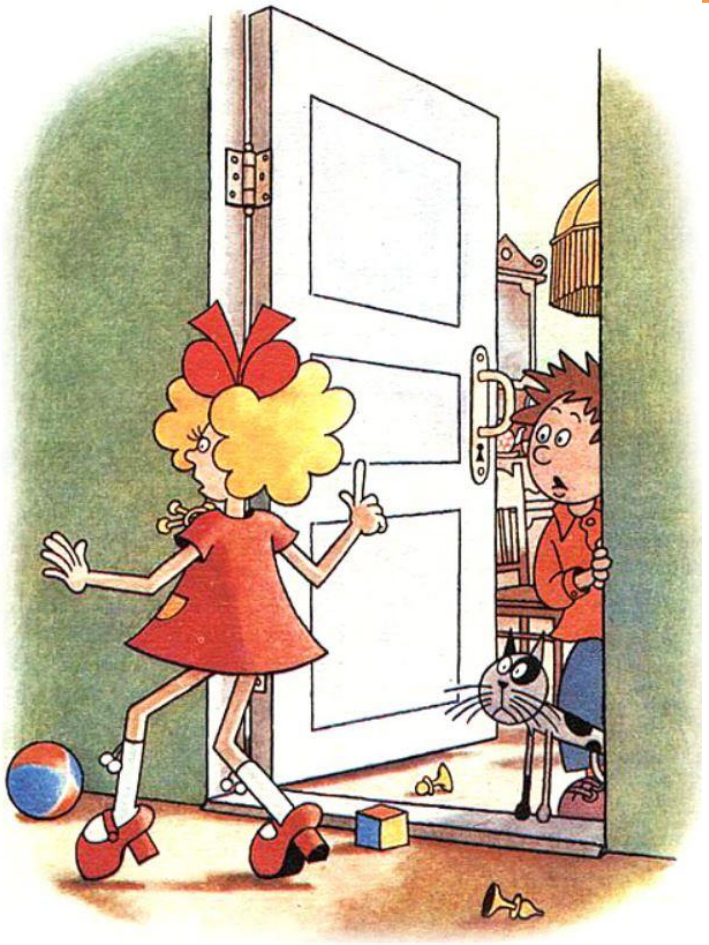
Suddenly something grabbed hold of my leg. I gave a great yell and rushed out from under the table, with Valya hot on my heels.

"What's the matter?" she asked.

"Someone grabbed hold of my leg," I said. "Perhaps it was the big bad wolf!"

Valya got scared and ran out of the room. I followed her.

We rushed into the corridor and slammed the door.



"Let's hold the door, so he can't open it," I said.

We stood there holding it for ages.

"Perhaps there's no one in there," said Valya.

"Then who grabbed my foot?" I asked.

"It was me," said Valya. "I wanted to find out where you were."

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"I got scared," she said. "You scared me."

We opened the door. There was no one in the room. But we were still afraid to go up to the table. Say the big bad wolf was under it and suddenly jumped out.

"You go and take the blanket off," I said.

"No, you go," said Valya.

"There's no one under there," I said.

"You never know!"

I tiptoed up to the table, pulled the edge of the blanket and rushed to the door. The blanket fell off. There was no one under the table.

We were so pleased that we wanted to mend the little house. But then Valya said:

"What if someone grabs your leg again!"

So we didn't play at being the three pigs anymore.